

# Harry Potter and the Loony

by Elizabeth Notrab

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-20 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-20 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:43:59

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,268

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The story I'm submitting to Flourish for her challenge. I know I should be working on Into the Fire, but inspiration struck! Read and enjoy. 8>)

## Harry Potter and the Loony

Harry Potter and the Loony

>Harry, Ron, Hermione, Professor Dumbledore, Hogwarts, Voldemort and Godric's Hollow all belong to JK <br>Rowling. The Wizzo Chocolate Company and Crunchy Frogs belong to whoever own Monty Python.

>And, I guess I got the idea for the arguments from Monty Python's argument clinic sketch. The basic idea <br>belongs to Flourish and every thing else belongs to me.

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>Harry, Ron and Hermione walked into the Defense Against the Dark

>Arts classroom on the first day of their fourth year at Hogwarts.

They knew <br>that the teacher's name was Nixon, but that was all.

They were all eager to

>see what he was like. The man they assumed was the teacher was very tall <br>with salt and pepper hair. He looked very stuck up to Harry.

><br>They sat down in their normal seats and waited for class to start. The

>bell rang. Nothing happened. The new professor just sat there and stared at <br>the students as if he expected them to start the lesson. No one said anything

>for a very long time.<br>

>Finally the professor said, "Well, I see that I'll have to be the one to <br>get the ball rolling." He opened a book and started scribbling away in it.

>Harry could have sworn he heard him mutter something about not taking <br>initiative and cluck his tongue. "Who knows anything about green

>butterflies?" asked the professor.<br>  
>Every head in the class turned to Hermione. She looked insulted at  
<br>first and crossed her hands over her chest, but then she meekly  
raised her  
>hand when it became clear that no one else would. The professor  
looked at <br>her with vague surprise and nodded for her to enlighten  
the class.  
><br>"Green butterflies are very rare creatures that feed on Evil in  
its liquid  
>form." Harry thought Hermione had gone crazy, because he didn't  
think that <br>Evil had specific forms. The teacher shook his head  
and clucked his tongue  
>some more.<br>  
>"I'm sorry Missâ€|ahhâ€|Granger, but that's not right." The whole  
class <br>looked hocked, Hermione most of all.  
><br>"But, yes it is," she argued.  
><br>The teacher looked at her with the same vague surprise he had  
shown  
>before. "No, it's not.<br>  
>"Yes it is, it says so right in my book. I'll show you."<br>  
  
>"Very well." Hermione grabbed the book under her desk and turned  
<br>the pages furiously. Harry could tell that she knew what she was  
looking  
>for. <br>  
>She found the page she was looking for and read. "'Green butterflies  
<br>are the rarest butterflies anywhere. They are useful n fighting  
the Dark Arts  
>because they feed on liquefied Evil.'" Hermione looked up to find  
that the <br>professor's smug look mirrored her own.  
><br>"You see," he said. "You were wrong." Hermione was about to  
  
>protest, but the professor didn't give her the chance. "Well, as you  
all know, <br>I am Professor Nixon. I'm not an easy man to get along  
with and this class  
>will be no cakewalk for you, as you no doubt see from the very first  
question <br>I ask." Harry stared at Professor Nixon with the rest of  
the class.  
><br>The rest of the class went on I much the same manner. He asked  
  
>questions and when a student gave him a right answer he told them it  
was <br>wrong. The student was forced to look it up and read what  
they had said  
>before and the professor looked smug and said, "See, I told you. You  
were <br>wrong."  
><br>By the end of class, Harry was thoroughly sick and tired of it.  
He  
>could see that Hermione was worse off. Professor Nixon had just got  
<br>through telling her that she should maybe try letting the other  
students have  
>a chance, because she obviously wasn't getting the right answers.  
<br>  
>When the bell rang for lunch, Professor Nixon called Harry over to  
his <br>desk. Ron told him that he and Hermione would wait outside  
for him.  
><br>"Harry Potter, I've been told by the Defense Against the Dark  
Arts  
>League, of which I am a part of, to relay the message that the  
simulation will <br>be held tonight at seven o'clock." With that  
announcement, he seemed to

>forget that harry was even there, so harry left.<br>  
>"What was that all about?" Ron asked. <br>  
>"The simulation's tonight."<br>  
>"Oh, I'd forgotten about that," Hermione said. "I don't know why you  
<br>agreed to do that for, Harry. It's morbid." The Defense Against  
the Dark  
>Arts League had come to Harry a few weeks ago, asking him whether he  
<br>wanted to participate in a simulation of the night his parents  
were killed.  
>They said it was to see if there was something no one had noticed  
about how <br>Harry defeated Voldemort that would help the League  
defeat he. Harry had  
>agreed to help because he wanted to do whatever he could to stop  
<br>Voldemort. But Hermione was right. It was morbid, and Harry was  
having  
>second thoughts. <br>  
>"I can't back out now," Harry said. Then he changed the subject.  
<br>"That new professor is a member of the League. He was kinda  
strange,  
>wasn't he?"<br>  
>Hermione made a rude sound and sat down very angrily. Ron laughed  
<br>a little. "Well, he's a loony for sure. But, I don't mind him all  
that much.  
>It'll be fun to live for a year with him." <br>  
>"So you don't thin he'll last either?" Harry asked. <br>  
>"Making us repeat everything ten times? No, Dumbledore won't  
<br>allow it." Then Ron added mischievously, "If he lives."

><br>Hermione glared at Ron. Harry knew she was very annoyed at  
  
>Professor Nixon. It didn't matter that she did get everything right,  
even <br>though he denied it.  
><br>The rest of the day passed uneventfully and Harry soon found  
that was  
>almost time to ride out to the house at Godric's Hollow with  
Professor <br>Nixon, who was apparently part of the simulation as  
well. Harry was  
>dreading the flight. He was afraid there would be some ridiculous  
argument. <br>  
>He met the professor outside the main entrance. He was finishing a  
<br>box of chocolates off, and offered Harry one.  
><br>"Would you like a crunchy frog?"  
><br>"Is ti like a chocolate frog?"  
><br>The professor looked insulted. "Oh, no. Those aren't real frogs  
at  
>all."<br>  
>"And those are?" Harry asked a little sick at the thought.<br>

>"Yes. Wizzo chocolates uses only the finest baby frogs picked and  
<br>flown in from Iraq and cleased in the finest quality spring  
water. They're  
>then wrapped in a Swiss milk chocolate envelope and lightly glazed  
with <br>glucose," the professor explained as if that it made it  
better.  
><br>"Don't they tke the bones out?"  
><br>"If they took the bones out, it wouldn't be crunchy, would it?"  
Harry  
>couldn't argue, nor did he particularly want to. He just mounted his  
broom <br>and flew off in the right direction. Professor Nixon flew  
out in front after a

>while and they landed in front of the house that had been completely  
<br>restored by some American person named Bob Vila.  
><br>Harry walked in to find that a woman with short red hair was  
sitting  
>in one of the chairs and arguing with the person who seemed to be in  
charge.<br>  
>"She just had a new baby. She might have been knitting baby  
<br>booties," the woman was saying. The man she was arguing with  
rolled his  
>eyes and she gave a triumphant smile and went back to the knitting  
in her <br>lap.  
><br>The man turned to Harry. "Well, I'm Ernest Baum. I'll be  
portraying  
>Voldemort tonight. This woman here is Katherine Higgins. She'll be  
your <br>mother. And your very own Professor Nixon will help us out  
by being your  
>father. I want to thank you for helping us out. I don't expect that  
you'll <br>understand much what we're looking for. I hope this won't  
be too painful."  
><br>Harry nodded and smiled encouragingly. "Where do I go?" Ernest  
  
>looked embarrassed at the question. "Well, you were a baby at the  
time, <br>andâ€|" Harry looked over near Katherine. There was a crib  
on one side of  
>her. Harry sighed, but he went over there and got in the crib.  
Ernest smiled.<br>  
>"Places everyone. Try to make it as accurate as possible. I'll be  
<br>outside waiting to come in." Ernest walked outside. The door shut  
behind  
>him, and Harry could hear some strange noises coming from the other  
side. <br>Katherine and Professor Nixon didn't look too worried, so  
Harry put it out of  
>his mind. <br>  
>"Well, Kathâ€|I mean Lily," said Professor Nixon, "I'm sure glad  
that <br>Voldemort won't be able to find us here. My best friend  
Sirius will never  
>crack." Harry was about to speak up and tell them that Sirius wasn't  
the <br>secret keeper, but he figured they'd never believe him.  
  
><br>"Yes, um, James. Sirius is a good trustworthy person." Neither  
of  
>them spoke for a long time. They seemed to be waiting for something.  
<br>Finally Katherine repeated, "Good, trustworthy person," a little  
louder.  
>There was a knock at the door and the two adults smiled. Harry  
figured that <br>was Ernest's cue.  
><br>But Ernest wasn't at the door. Instead a hooded figure barged in  
past  
>Professor Nixon: Voldemort. "I'm sorry for missing my," the figure  
cleared <br>his throat, "cue. But that wasn't how it happened you  
know. I thought I'd  
>come by to check your accuracy, because little Harry wouldn't do  
much <br>good for remembering." Harry saw that Katherine had stopped  
knitting and  
>had gone very pale. Harry was incredibly frightened himself, but  
when he <br>looked at Professor Nixon, Harry saw he had the same look  
of vague  
>surprise he had in class.<br>  
>"And who would you be?" the professor asked, quite politely.  
<br>Voldemort was stunned for a moment and Harry thought that the

professor

>would attack him while he was in this state. The professor did nothing but <br>wait for an answer.

><br>"I am Lord Voldemort, of course!" said Voldemort in a very menacing

>voice. <br>

>"No you're not." Harry hadn't thought it possible, but Voldemort <br>looked even more shocked than before.

><br>"What? Yes I am!"

><br>"No, you're not."

><br>"Why don't you believe that I'm Lord Voldemort?" Harry wasn't quite

>sure how all this was helping, but none of them were dead yet.

Except <br>maybe Ernest.

><br>"Because I am Lord Voldemort," the professor responded as if it was

>the most natural answer in the world and Voldemort was an idiot for not <br>knowing. Harry was reminded briefly of Hermione in Voldemort's reaction.

><br>"NO YOU'RE NOT!" Voldemort screamed.

><br>"Yes, I am," said the professor, not moved in the slightest. "My name

>is Voldemort Nixon and my title before I became a professor was Lord. <br>Therefore I am Lord Voldemort."

><br>Voldemort stood there staring at Professor Nixon. He was very

>confused, by now and didn't notice Katherine slipping by him to run out the <br>door. Harry was thinking that he would do the same, but Professor Nixon

>turned to him and asked, "Harry, what night is it?"<br>

>Harry glared at the professor for drawing attention to him and said <br>through clenched teeth, "It's Thursday."

><br>"Oh, well, I'm sorry, sir," the professor said to Voldemort.

"But I

>really do have to be going now. I'm going to miss ER if I don't leave now. I <br>do love that show. Very realistic portrayal of the high stress emergency

>room, you know." <br>

>"Oh, it is time for ER, isn't it?" Voldemort asked. "Can't we just <br>watch it hereâ€|wait! I've got it. I'll prove to you that I'm Lord Voldemort.

>Harry, be a dear and get me a knife." Harry stared for a minute and then <br>looked at the professor.

><br>"Oh, not this again," Nixon said, rolling his eyes. "Very well. Get the

>knife, Harry." Harry knew that Professor Nixon must have a plan. But he <br>also remembered what Ron had said. The professor very well could just be

>some loony. Harry brought the knife to the professor who gave it to <br>Voldemort. Voldemort took a cup off the mantle and slit his hand. The

>blood that ran out had a definite greenish tinge to it.<br>

>"There, you see? Voldemort is evil, so he has Evil coursing through <br>his veins," said Voldemort as the blood dripped down into the cup. "That's

>Evil right there, so I must be Voldemort."<br>

>"That's quite astounding logic, sir, but that's not Evil." <br>

>"YES IT IS!"<br>

>"No, it isn't."<br>  
>"YES IT IS. IT IS PURE CONCENTRATED, LIQUEFIED EVIL!"<br>  
>"Oh, well, I suppose you're right, now that I look at it. Very  
potent <br>stuff, that is. Amathanio Flius Boot!" Professor Nixon had  
taken his wand  
>out for the last part and green butterflies soon filled the room.  
Voldemort <br>screamed and Harry knew that they were attacking the  
Dark Lord.  
><br>The room cleared after a while and Voldemort was laying,  
unmoving,  
>on the floor. Professor Nixon kicked him. No response. The professor  
<br>checked his watch. "Well, Harry, I don't live at Hogwarts, and  
now I must  
>go home and watch my show. I trust you can find your way back  
alone?" <br>Harry nodded, amazed. "Good. You should probably mention  
this to  
>Professor Dumbledore." <br>  
>The professor then mounted his broom and left. Harry stood there  
<br>staring for a while, then he shrugged to himself and left for  
Hogwarts.  
><br>THE END  
> <p><p>

End  
file.